

News and Comment
Written by Experts

STAR-BULLETIN SPORTS

Edited By
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HILO BALL TEAM DROPS ONE AND WINS ANOTHER

ASAHI'S DOWNED BARNEY JOY IS IN FAST FORM

The sort of ball that kept the fans expecting the unexpected, was dished out at Athletic Park yesterday afternoon when Hilo captured a wildly exciting game from the Asahis by a score of 6 to 4. Right up to the last minute was the game in doubt, and the big crowd that filled onto the field from the bleachers when the first two locals were killed off in the ninth, remained standing to see two on bases and a good batter up. It was a grand chance to even the game, but the best Murakami could do was to hit into an easy infield out, and the game was over.

Take it from all angles, the game was one of the best played here this season. It was full of brilliant fielding stunts, with plenty of base running thrown in, but the real excitement lay in the constantly shifting situations. In the third, the Hilo got off to a two-run lead, which held good until the sixth, when the Asahis copped three. In their half of the same game Captain Easton's men got another brace of tallies, while in the seventh the locals came across with another run to tie the score. In the eighth an Asahi score seemed certain, and the visitors were wearing conceding; horsehoes to shut them out. Then came two more Hilo runs in the eighth, and the desperate ninth-inning effort above referred to, Mitting Light.

The hitting was light, each side collecting six safe ones, but in two innings the visitors bunched a brace that figured in the run getting. The Japanese team put up better ball than it has showed this year, in spite of the fact that a defeat was chalked up against it. It was no fault of pitcher T. Moriama that the game slipped away, for he twirled a fine brand of ball throughout, mixing up his offerings in such a way that the opposing batters were guessing every time they came to the plate. Keoka worked seven innings for Hilo, but he became somewhat wobbly, and Ed Desha was rushed to the rescue. The latter had all the luck in the world to hold the Asahis runless, for he started off by walking the first two men to face him, and was saved a bit of bonehead base running by the men on the paths.

The first scoring of the game came in the third, when Hisanaga drew transportation, but was held on first by two infield out, pitcher to first. Willie Desha was safe on the second baseman's fumble, and both runners advanced one on a passed ball. Alex Desha made up for his string of four strikeouts the day before, by lining out a clean single that scored both men. "Lucky" George Desha was soaked with the ball and took first, but Easton killed chances of further scoring by flying out to left.

The Asahis gave their countrymen a chance to let off some accumulated noise in the sixth, Araki and Murakami both worked the pitcher for passes, and Nishi laid down a pretty sacrifice bunt. Noda was out, pitcher to first, and then Yamashiro came to the scratch with a hit to the right field fence that brought the two men across and left them roosting on second. C. Moriama dropped one over third that scored Yamashiro, and Kurisaki popped to Watson, ending the inning amid deafening yells from the Japanese rooters.

Rooters Cut Loose. The Asahis couldn't stand prosperity, for in Hilo's half of the same inning two runs came over. George Desha started it by slamming the first ball pitched for two bags, and Easton walked. Watson hit a grounder that went right between C. Moriama's legs, and rolled clear to center field. George Desha scoring, but Watson himself being nailed at second on the throw from Yamashiro. By this time Easton was occupying third, and Todd's hit to right scored him. The next two were easy outs. Asahis Die Game.

This left the Hilo's a run to the good, but the Asahis responded nobly to the spur of the crowd. With one score, T. Moriama combed a clean safety to right. C. Moriama, who ran for him, stole second, and went to third on Watson's fumble. Araki then lifted a high, short fly over second base, which the center fielder ran in to take. Moriama set himself like a sprinter, with out foot just touching the bag, and the moment the ball landed in Todd's glove he started for home like a whirlwind. Todd held the ball a fraction of a second too long, evidently surprised that Moriama should have tried to score on such a short fly, and when he did let the ball go the throw was a trifle wide of the plate, the result

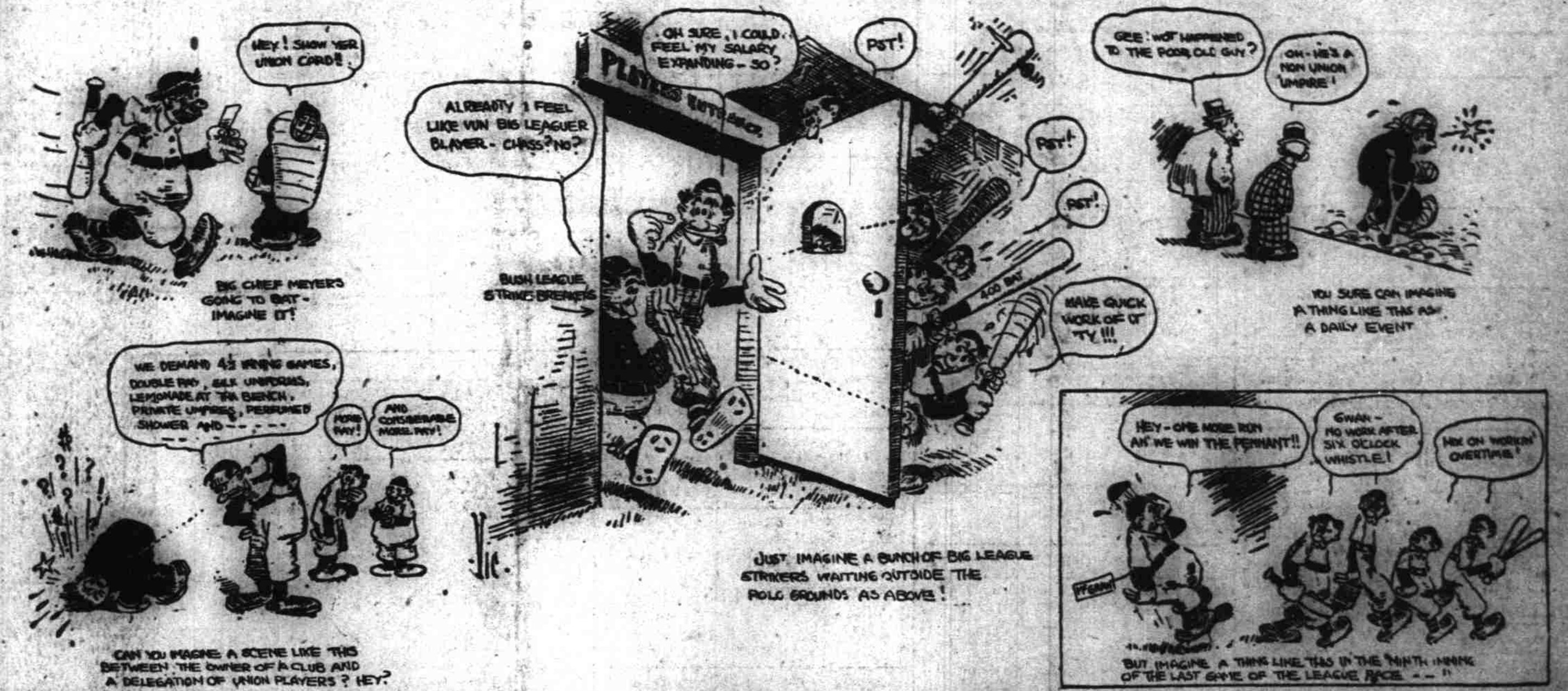
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Things That May Happen When Ball Players Organize



Long Driving At Golf Subject On Which The Doctors Disagree

Possibly no department of the game of golf causes so much discussion as driving. We are not given long dissertations on the subject of the number of feet which constitute the record for a hole approach with a mastic or the greatest length ever obtained with a mid-iron, but time and time again we are called on to read articles on the subject of who holds the record for the longest drive. There is a writer who calls himself Hark-Karl in Golfing who, in spite of beginning with the statement that there is no more hackneyed subject in golf than that of record drives, still manages to give us some new light on the matter. He says:

Yet it is a curious fact that there is no subject—unless it be perhaps the applicability of stroke play rules to bogey competitions—in regard to which I am more often asked to act as arbiter in disputes. And such a correspondent has lately asked me to decide a controversy regarding the recognized record drive. I can not do better than deal with the matter here. The recognized record drive is the drive of 338 yards made by W. H. Horne of Chertsey in the North Berwick tournament held in July, 1909. From the thirteenth tee Horne drove to the side of the green, level with the flag, and later in the day the distance was afterward officially measured and returned at the figure mentioned. It should be said that the ground falls steadily from tee to green, and as the surface was on the hard side at the time, and the ball was further aided by a strong following wind, all the circumstances were favorable to the player.

This is not, however, the longest drive ever made, although it is the longest made during the play in any competition. But Braid in 1905 drove 395 yards, with a following wind and on a post bound course, from the fifteenth tee at Walton Heath where the gradient is slightly downhill. He was playing a round at the time with Sir George Riddell, and the distance was afterward measured by Sir Alexander Kennedy, the well-known engineer. At the home hole in the same round he drove to the bunker guarding the green, a distance of 340 yards.

This year at Colchester, July 13, George Duncan, playing an exhibition match with James Braid, got in a little putt of 88 yards, and thus almost equaled W. H. Horne's record. In this case also there was a following wind, and the run of the ground was all in favor of the driver.

While these are the longest authenticated drives, it is not to be supposed that they are very much longer than some that went before them. The longest drive with the old feather ball, as far as the records go, was that made by Monsieur Messieux, a French master in the Madras College at St. Andrews. The name of Samuel Messieux appears in the list as that of the winner of the royal and ancient golf medal in 1827, and of the silver cross medal in 1840, and presumably he is the same man. Prof. James Stuart, who was one of his pupils, says in his "Reminiscences": "He was a golfer of some repute, and lived for long in history as having made the longest drive that ever was made; but whether this record has since been beaten I can not say. It was on a slightly frosty day, with a gentle wind with him, and he was playing over what was then called the Elysian fields."

Old-time Swipes. This "longest drive" was made in 1838, and was long supposed to have been measured at 361 yards, and was apparently not regarded at St. Andrews as having been beaten by Lieut. F. G. Tait's famous drive, made, it is noted, at the same place. In those degenerate days, however, many have begun to cast doubts upon the authenticity of the record, without any very sound reason. I notice, for instance,

FIGHTERS ARE TOO GRASPING

Exorbitant and Ridiculous Pecuniary Returns Demanded by the Present Crop—Killing the Sport

Some of these fighters appear to have lost all sense of proportion and values. They have gone money-mad. Relying on the temporary popularity of boxing with the general public, the fighters come to talk of the thousands in a manner in which the old battlers—the real fighters—talked of hundreds. Something is radically wrong with any sport in which the recompense of some levee lout and roustabout can eclipse the price paid for a year of service of a scientist of deep learning or an engineer of experience and long training. What we term mutt fighters are earning as much or more money than the presidents of our universities. Cultivated men who have endured privations in academic days to fit themselves for useful vocations in life grow pessimistic on the ways of the world and the checks and balances of our social system when they behold specimens of the Nelson, Wolgast, Johnson Flynn type reaping tremendous financial reward for a few hours of purely muscular endeavor.

Boxing has grown under legal patronage until the fighters have become so exaggerated in their views and demands as to become almost ridiculous. Promoters, seeing a chance to reap a fair percentage, have banded and exploited the public until the fighters have come to take themselves seriously. They have come to regard themselves of some moment in the great plan and as real factors in the world affairs. They are merely symptoms of an unhealthy condition and sport running to such amounts of money is bound to be combined with fraud, yet the game is flourishing in some localities, but a reaction is inevitable. Baseball is running heavily on the financial side and with the strongest ruling body ever devised in sports its promoter is having trouble to keep the game clean.

Ready to Put on the Lid.

Fighting without supervision or a restraining hand, based upon gambling in the first place, is running what we commonly term "hog wild." The cupid and greed of the fighters will bring about the end they least desire. California is getting ready to put on the lid, and California is really the last stand of the fighting game in America. New York has fighting of a sort with a varied collection of tin cup champions, and it looks now as though the next meeting of the Assembly in New York will outlaw even the ten-round, no-decision bouts. While there are a lot of us who like a clean boxing match between clever men, perhaps it would be just as well to choke it off as long as the game has to be infested by a group of greedy fighters, avaricious "managers," irresponsible promoters and a following, the larger part of which one would not trust alone around the corner of a burning straw stack with a broken bottle of sour milk.

The Scotch cricket team took the measure of the Honolulu Cricket Club Saturday by a score of 158 to 104. Needless to say, the cup offered for the individual score of 150 runs is still without a claimant. The offer is ridiculous on its face, and there is no danger of any local batter running a century and a half in a one-day match.

Christy Mathewson Explains The New Baseball Fraternity

By ROSEMAN BULGER.

That the baseball public may better understand the object and aims of the new Baseball Fraternity—that is the official name of it—Christy Mathewson, who represented the New York players at the meeting, explains that the organization is intended as a benefit to the game and not as a benefit to the magnates. "We had not intended discussing the new organization," says Matty, "until it was on its feet, but as long as the news has leaked out I think it best that we make a candid explanation of its purposes."

"In the first place the Baseball Fraternity, as it is to be called, is not a union in the commonly accepted meaning of the word. The questions of wage and hours are not considered. We have no intention of going out on strikes, for the ball player has always had an aversion to going out that way, especially if the bases are full."

"We want to get the players together so that they can speak as a body on important questions and not as individuals. There are many questions arising that need an expression from the players as a body. The owners are well organized, and I think the majority of them are in favor of the players getting together. Understand, however, the Baseball Fraternity as yet has not been organized. We held a meeting and elected Dave Fultz as temporary president. It is up to the players to ratify this action. If they do not want an organization they won't have one."

Contracts Important Feature. "As stated in our first draft of a constitution, the object of the fraternity is to further the interests of baseball as a sport, and that covers the whole situation. Naturally, the question of contracts, or rather the observation of them, will be an important feature of the organization, but this will be of benefit to the magnates as well as the players. We want to force players to live up to their contracts as well as the managers, and the players would like to have a means of freeing themselves from objectionable men who are sometimes a reflection on the profession of ball playing as a whole."

"There are many little things that could be taken up by this body. For instance, where a player is tried and suspended without a hearing we could take a hand. Personally I do not think it right for the president of a league to suspend a player first and then hear the evidence later. It is not American. Take the case of Ty Cobb. Whether right or wrong, he was placed under suspension before any evidence, excepting the umpire's report, was heard."

"As a rule, the owner or a baseball club is inclined to do the square thing by a player, but there have been cases where a magnate, taking advantage of his immense power, has used it to take out a petty spite. While we have seen of these things in mind right now, I merely mention them to show how advantageous it would be for the players to speak as a body on such questions."

May Have Representative. "Is it your purpose to ask for a representative on the national commission?" I asked the big pitcher.

"That has not been considered, but I think it would be a good thing. In fact, nothing of that kind has been taken up, for the simple reason that we are not yet organized. It depends entirely upon the wishes of the players, who will vote on the question of having a permanent body. We have selected an able man in Dave Fultz for president, and I think he will be able to get things to a head without any friction whatever. I understand that most of the owners are in favor of a players' organization. It would put them in position to handle big

questions in a businesslike way. You see, they will be able to hold the entire body of players responsible instead of a single individual. "The report that the representatives of the American League met with us last Sunday is wrong," Matty explained. "They have already had a meeting in their league, and when everything is ready the two bodies will work together."

DUKE'S SURFING MAKES BIG HIT

Duke Kahanamoku is giving Atlantic City a touch of Waikiki class. Ever since two surf boards were shipped east for the Hawaiian swimming champion, people here have been anxiously awaiting news of his exploits. The following in the New York Herald, of August 16, under Atlantic City date line, tells the story:

Thursday—Amateur surf riders here are having a chance to learn points of the sport from an Hawaiian expert, who is giving daily exhibitions on the beach adjoining Young's Pier. Many of the bathers have provided themselves with surf boards and have displayed skill in riding the huge combers, but their spirit seemed tame enough compared with the ease and dexterity with which the Sandwich Island man glides on the crest of the breakers.

The expert is Kahanamoku, of Honolulu, a member of the American team which took part in the Olympic games at Stockholm. He has brought his own surf board, made after the pattern liked in his native land. It is longer than the boards seen here. This skillful surf rider sits on the board while he propels himself seaward, but when he is ready for the return he gives interesting and unusual exhibitions of fancy riding. Sometimes he stands upright, balancing himself on the slender craft, while he varies his rides by going through athletic movements.

Since the Hawaiian's appearance here a new impetus has been given to surf riding, and boys and men may be seen at any hour of the day when the tide is just right for the fun trying their skill at riding in with the waves.

Yesterday's games in the Chinese Amateur League: Wah Mun 10, U. C. A. 1; Y. C. A. 10, Kukui 3.

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